

FRITCHIE, BARBARA

DRAWER 10B

REFORMERS

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# Abraham Lincoln and Reformers

Barbara Fritchie

Excerpts from newspapers and other  
sources

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# THROUGH BARBARA FRITCHIE'S HOME

*You will enjoy your visit more if you follow this guide sheet.*

# THROUGH BARBARA FRITCHIE'S HOME

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From the street you enter first the Souvenir Shop. This was once the store room of Barbara's husband, John Casper Fritchie, who was a glove-maker. In the Souvenir Shop you may purchase cookies made from Barbara's own recipe.

Through the door to the right of the entrance, you pass into the Home proper. Perhaps the first object to catch your eye is Barbara Fritchie's secretary-bookcase, at which you are invited to register. While registering you sit in one of Barbara's dining-room chairs. It was at this desk that General Jesse L. Reno, of the Union army, is said to have penned a letter home on September 12, 1862, just two days before he was killed in the battle of South Mountain, about twelve miles west of Frederick.

The portrait of Barbara Fritchie, on the wall facing your entrance from the Souvenir Shop, was painted from an original daguerreotype (to be seen in the show case at the rear of the room), by Mrs. Hammond Urner, of Frederick, Maryland. The silhouette of Barbara in her teens will attract your attention. All the furniture that you see in this room (except the upholstered davenport and upholstered rocking chair) belonged to Barbara Fritchie. Her dress in the upright case has been carefully preserved by Barbara's heirs.

The exhibit over the mantelpiece relates to the Civil War happenings in and around Frederick at the time Barbara waved her flag before the passing Confederates.

On the left side of the fireplace you will find a pantalette pattern cut by Barbara Fritchie from newspapers printed in 1851. On the wall adjoining is an oval picture which was embroidered by Barbara's sister. Directly beneath is another picture showing a view of the spring from which Barbara obtained her drinking water, and which used to be a popular watering place for both Union and Confederate soldiers during the Civil War. This spring may be seen from the back porch of the Home.

Immediately adjacent are important records from the Frederick County Court House. They comprise a record of the marriage of Barbara to John Casper Fritchie, a settlement of the estate of Barbara's father, the Will of Barbara's husband, original papers in the settlement of his estate, and also Barbara's Will.

The little room which extends over Carroll Creek is dedicated to those who have had a more prominent part in telling the world about Barbara Fritchie: John Greenleaf Whittier, Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Clyde Fitch, Julia Marlowe, Florence Vidor, who played the part of Barbara in the movie "Barbara Fritchie," and the Shubert Company, Producers of the Operetta "My Maryland," which is a musical adaptation of the story of Barbara Fritchie. Here also you will find original manuscripts of John Greenleaf Whittier, Mrs. Southworth, and Oliver Wendell Holmes. Originally it was through this extension, which was an addition to the house, that the dining room and kitchen were reached. Floods washed away this part of the house and when Barbara's home was restored it was not added. The articles of furniture in this room were the property of Barbara Fritchie.

Passing to the left of the alcove you will find an original manuscript of General Joseph Hooker. General Hooker was one of the ablest of the Union Generals, and led the Union Army as far as Frederick on its way to the battle of Gettysburg. At Frederick he was displaced, and General Meade placed in command. It is generally conceded that this change was the result of the work of Hooker's enemies. His letter to Colonel Scott relates to the work of his enemies and will be found very interesting.

You are now at the show-case. The center of interest, of course, is the flag—the very same flag with which Barbara defied the Confederate soldiers, and in so doing furnished the inspiration for Whittier's poem bearing her name. This



flag, for the sake of its preservation, was repaired by a highly technical process. It is made of silk. The sheets in the lower left corner of the case were made by Barbara Fritchie, and are of pure flax that was spun by her. The mits, or "half-hands," also represent Barbara's handiwork. The gloves, near by, were made by her husband. The wooden forms were used by Mr. Fritchie in shaping the fingers of the gloves. A small comb that you will find in this case is of considerable interest, having been buried with Barbara Fritchie for almost 51 years, and taken from her grave when her body was removed from the old Reformed Church grave-yard to be placed, with that of her husband, in Mount Olivet Cemetery of this city. Over her grave a handsome monument has been erected. All of the china in the case belonged to Barbara Fritchie. The small blue plates and straw mats, near the coffee cups and saucers, were used for holding the cups, while the diners drank from the saucers! In 1791 Barbara (then Miss Barbara Hauer) served coffee to George Washington from the large blue Staffordshire coffee pot in the upper left corner, and received, in return for her hospitality, the present from Washington of the Lowestoft china bowl near by. An original daguerreotype of Barbara Fritchie, a small oval-shaped piece of mother of pearl that was used as a butter-taster when marketing, an embroidered cap, and a green quilted petticoat made by her, will be found worthy of your notice. Also, her decanter and wine glasses may merit a glance. The genuineness of all of the relics here, as in all parts of the Home, is, of course, certified.

Passing from the case through the rear door you come to the back porch, where, in addition to obtaining a charming view, you can see the spring in the little park across the creek, from which Barbara obtained drinking water, and at which soldiers of both armies often stopped. The bench on the back porch was one of Barbara's belongings.

Returning, you find to the right, items of interest connected with the Battle of Monocacy, together with an original letter of General Lew Wallace, author of "Ben Hur," who commanded the Union troops in this battle. The Battle of Monocacy is credited with having saved the Nation's Capitol from Confederate occupancy. In addition to the monuments placed thereon by the various States, the United States Government has recently made an appropriation to mark this battle field. It is situated about two miles southeast of Frederick. The Confederate soldiers who lost their lives in the Battle of Monocacy are buried in Mount Olivet Cemetery, Frederick, Maryland.

This beautiful cemetery contains the graves of Barbara Fritchie; Francis Scott Key, author of the "Star-Spangled Banner"; Thomas Johnson, first Governor of Maryland, the man who nominated George Washington for Commander-in-Chief of the American Armies, and one of the Committee of Three to lay out the City of Washington. It also contains the first Confederate monument erected outside Confederate States to fallen Confederate soldiers.

To the left, as you ascend the stairs, is a testimonial to General Hancock, one of the best loved of the Union Generals. This token of affection bears the autographs of Maryland's most prominent men of the Civil War period.

At the top of the stairs you turn facing the front of the house. An interesting collection of the battles of General Sheridan, together with an original manuscript, makes an interesting exhibit. Through the door to the left is seen Barbara Fritchie's bedroom. It is her bed, her quilts, her sheets and pillow cases that you see in this room. The quilts were made by her and the sheets and pillow cases made from flax that she herself spun. Other furnishings of the room were also hers.

Finally, you look out of the window (which is directly in front of the bedroom), from which she always kept her flag waving; and, looking down, you see the very spot whereupon, more than half a century ago, were enacted those stirring scenes which inspired Whittier's poem. The Confederates were approaching from your right—coming up Patrick Street, moving westward—when, "Halt! The dust-brown ranks stood fast!"—right under the window out of which you are gazing. You know the rest.

# BARBARA FRITCHIE

by

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

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Up from the meadows rich with corn,  
Clear in the cool September morn,  
The clustered spires of Frederick stand  
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.  
Round about them orchards sweep,  
Apple and peach-tree fruited deep,  
Fair as a garden of the Lord  
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,  
On that pleasant morn of the early  
Fall  
When Lee marched over the mountain-  
wall,—

Over the mountains winding down,  
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,  
Forty flags with their crimson bars,  
Flapped in the morning wind: the sun  
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.  
Up rose old Barbara Fritchie then,  
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;  
Bravest of all in Frederick town,  
She took up the flag the men hauled  
down;

In her attic-window the staff she set,  
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,  
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right  
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood  
fast,

"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;  
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff  
Dame Barbara snatched the silken  
scarf;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,  
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,  
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,  
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred  
To life at that woman's deed and word;

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head  
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street  
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long that free flag tost  
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell  
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps, sunset light  
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Fritchie's work is o'er,  
And the Rebel rides on his raids no  
more.

Honor to her! and let a tear  
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier

Over Barbara Fritchie's grave  
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw  
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down  
On thy stars below in Frederick town!



FRITCHIE, BARBARA

DRAWER 10B

REFORMERS

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